

SOME RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE CIVIL WAR

By W. H. Hull

During the winter of 1860-61 our country shared the agitation common to our entire country.

It is scarcely possible for the younger generation of our people to realize the profound anxiety which weighed upon the minds and sympathies of our people.

On mail days crowds of people would gather at the post offices to get the news papers in order to hear the news from the political centers.

There was also a volunteer cavalry company raised in the lower end of the county, in the Levels district, which was afterwards disbanded.

An order was sent out for all the volunteer troops of the county to assemble at Edray on the first day of May.

When finally they were compelled to go quite a number of persons, composed of elderly men, women, and children, followed them to the fording of the creek about three fourths of a mile below the village.

Academy

While we do not doubt that the present winter for continued cold, snows, storms, drifts and generally disagreeable weather any we have had for a great many years.

The wet weather of the year 1906 continued throughout August, September and October. During the early part of October the rain fell was dreadfully heavy.

There is considerable sickness in this neighborhood, grip and whooping cough being the most prevalent.

Dr. H. W. McNeel contemplates building a residence on the lot he recently purchased from the Messrs. Beards.

The appointment of J. H. Buzzard for sheriff of the county has we presume, earned the voters to think seriously of a suitable person to succeed him as assessor.

painstaking, and possessing that courtliness of manner, that solidity and substantialness which befits a public man and inspires the confidence of the people.

Green Hill School

Sub-district of Edray: As we never gave an account of our school, we will here give a brief description. When I first came and enlisted upon my duty in the above mentioned district I only found reading, spelling and arithmetic.

EMMETT C. BUSS, Teacher.

Edray

Mrs. Ruth Moore is much improved at this time.

Mrs. F. P. Anderson, of Roncoverts, is visiting relatives here.

Elmer Foage is on the sick list at this writing.

John D. Gay, who has been very sick, is improving slowly.

Wm. Baxter has been visiting friends at Dry Branch for some time.

Harper and Kent Turner have gone south to spend the winter.

Miss Ruth Sharp, who has been attending school at Marlinton is at home, and will attend the remainder of the Edray school.

Misses Clara and Edith Mars-ton spent Sunday with their parents here.

Thomas Malcomb, of Knapps Creek, was visiting his sister-in-law, Mrs. Geo. Tyler, recently.

Neal Barlow, of Warwick has been visiting his father, who has been quite poorly for some time.

George Griffin, who has been confined to his bed with grip for two weeks, is able to be out.

W. H. Shearer was in this part a few days ago gathering up his sheep.

Horace Gossett has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Mary Gossett, who is in getting better now.

Anna May and George Sears were visiting through at Pogue's Lane last week.

Much sympathy is expressed for the family of R. L. Galford in their sorrow and trouble.

The Governor of South Carolina has hit upon a line ofounced that is likely to be taken. He says: 'Listen to your wife.'

From Oklahoma

Ponca City, Okla., February 19, 1908.

Thinking you would like to hear from some of the western friends, and as this is the first winter weather we have had in 1908, the one inch of snow and cold weather made me a little home sick.

The winters in Oklahoma are quite mild and I think too short. On the contrary the summers a little too long and hot. This is the only fault I can find with Oklahoma.

The people here are busy plowing and getting ready to sow oats and plant potatoes and other early spring vegetables. When it rains, it pours in torrents.

The best kind of dry feed they have here for stock is alfalfa and cow peas. Cow peas hay is one of the finest things for milk cows in the world.

The Baptists of St. Albans are without a pastor. They advertised for one, received an answer, made a contract and when the new leader of the flock arrived he was of the wrong color.

Why Politicians Disagree. So many people have an opinion on the subject of the 'large' system for the lame. If one is lame, it is not a matter of opinion, but of fact.

Old Whiskers, The Ram

Being the Reminiscences of a Nature Fakir

By John Kendrick Bangs

'Yes,' the captain was saying as I entered the post office to get my mail and buy a pot of plaster to stop the leak in my roof.

'I guess they're more ready money in profit than they are in mere pleasure,' Jim, said the postmaster.

'I'm afraid old Whiskers died,' I put in inquiringly. 'I saw Dusenberry's ram got so popular among the art lovers of the night that Dusenberry found he could afford to build a shack up in Bill River's rock pasture, right by the sea, to do his painting in in wet weather.'



Remember that very month of September, there was another one of those artists down here painting the 'cove' in the 'old Whiskers' wasn't particularly friendly, neither.

'The excise laws which act as a sort of "vibrating" influence on the emigration, being, as they are wholly prohibitive. But howsoever the regulations interfere with a square of color among the natives up here, Dusenberry, as I say, continued working all that summer, turnin' out a new view of old Whiskers every day except Sundays, which he devoted to lettin' his pictures dry.

'I didn't ye ask?' queried the postmaster. 'No,' said the captain. 'Long about the tenth week I sort of quit askin' Dusenberry for reasons for anything. He got kind of tetchy whenever I made remarks about what he was doin'.



old ram was dyed to a sort of cross between lemon-cream and the color of like Marley's dun cow, eatin' a colored thistle grown up between two orange rocks, instead of lamina at it.

'I remember that very month of September, there was another one of those artists down here painting the 'cove' in the 'old Whiskers' wasn't particularly friendly, neither. They belonged to different schools, somebody said, an' for that reason they hated each other like poison.

rious times. The balance ain't been heard from for nine years, and for the past six I ain't asked for my letter from Boggsworth at all. I feel about my chances of recitin' at "Anyhow, Dusenberry an' Boggsworth was stuck on each other, as them summer boarders put it, and somehow or other old Whiskers he seemed to feel it and whenever Boggsworth would come anywhere a round he'd begin to blab and growl, and frown and shuck himself all over as if he was mad from one end to the other, and one mornin'



while he was grahin' around the studio eatin' some real grass and chawin' the old odds and ends of Sunday newspapers an' ten-cent magazines that lay' around, he see old man Boggsworth settin' in front of his easel down on the rocks, doin' the work he'd do in a flash on the canvas, he wouldn't be knowed, but the very sight was enough for old Whiskers.



'Poisoned,' I cried. 'No,' said the captain. 'Wass'n't that it? I might be some money in Dusenberry's pocket. I see old Whiskers had been painted. He'd cut up his pictures of himself during the night, as they was too much for his artistic soul. Wal, I must be givin' the captain added, as he rose up from the sugar barrel. 'Good night, all.'

'You ought to write that story up, Captain,' said I the next morning. 'It's a good one.' 'No, thank,' said the captain, and then he leaned over and whispered confidentially in my ear. 'Ye see, I got my eye on the postmaster's here, an' I don't want to do nothin' in the literary line to offend the president. He mightn't believe that any old ram ever had such a taste for art that he'd gorge himself to death on it, and I tell ye, I'd have a durned hard time gettin' another picture to prove it, Dusenberry's positive on the subject, and the ram's dead.'